

# The Tool Of Satan

by Bee

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Summary: Scully has computer problems. We know how she feels.

## The Tool Of Satan

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TITLE: The tool of Satan

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RATING: PG?

CATEGORY: S, H (depending on your sense of humour)

SUMMARY: Scully has a disagreement with her computer. Hence the title.

DISCLAIMER: All filey peeps belong to CC, blah, blah, blah.  
Practically the whole computer industry belongs to Microsoft and Bill Gates. As for AIM - I have no idea.

AUTHOR'S NOTES: Yes, this is a cliché. And your point is...? (Ever have a day like this?) Inspired by actual events. Sort of.

\* \* \* \* \*

Scully kicked her computer desk angrily. She would have kicked the actual computer, but she doubted she'd get the insurance money.

"Stupid computer!"

She was ever so slightly pissed off. She had just typed up an autopsy report from their latest case, it had taken her over an hour, and the

stupid computer hadn't saved it! She had definitely saved it, she was positive of it! She distinctly remembered clicking on the little X in the corner, and had then been asked if she wanted to save the changes. She had clicked 'yes' and then typed in the title and everything. She had then clicked 'save' and it should have saved. But it hadn't.

Which basically meant she had three options:

Do it all over again right now,

Sulk over it, swear for half an hour, and then re-do it,

Or option number three, leave it until tomorrow and go on the internet for a bit.

Scully chose option number three.

She was only glad that Mulder wasn't there to laugh at her. Well, he wouldn't laugh exactly, he would just tell her that she must be mistaken, and that she must just have clicked on cancel instead of save. (Even though if she \*had\* done that, the document wouldn't have disappeared) After arguing with her about it for ten minutes, he would just shrug, and smirk in that annoyingly smug way of his, before chalking it down to a technological x-file.

Of course, it was never that when \*his\* computer went Fowley-fied (her secret phrase for anything being fucked up, although she would never tell Mulder that). But on the other hand, when Mulder's comp went weird, it was Scully who took the piss out of him.

She sighed; it was a vicious circle.

She got up to get a can of Pepsi out of the fridge while it was checking for mail and starting IM. She figured that she may as well see if anyone was on.

She had 5 new messages.

One from Frohike... she almost sent that straight to the deleted items, but thought better of it. He was always good for a laugh, if nothing else.

Another message from the email company... no, she did not want to know about 'exciting new developments' in web design packages. She deleted it.

The next was from the Placebo news mailing list. Tour dates, single/album release dates, crap like that.

One from an online friend telling her about her latest site update and a few other stuff, they were all planning a meet up soon, and needed to outline the details. Scully typed in a quick reply to this and sent it off. She made a mental note to go visit the site when she had the time.

Her final message was the one she had sent herself at work to remind her to make an appointment at the dentists and hairdressers. And to buy some grapes, she had none left.

She shook her head, it was sad when you had to send yourself emails to fill your inbox.

She printed this out and stuck it up on the wall so she didn't forget when she came off the computer.

She then went back to Frohike's email.

It was the same sort of thing as usual, a few half-baked conspiracy theories (Spam? Sometimes the guys truly amazed her) and a pathetically enthusiastic declaration of love at the end, including a poem.

She rolled her eyes, forwarding it to Mulder, with the additional message: "Mulder, you have really got to do something about our friendly troll. This is almost equalling harassment. Doesn't the guy ever give up?? And I hope you have nothing to do with this Spam thing. I swear to god if you even MENTION Spam in the same breath as conspiracy your life will not be worth living. You have been warned, okay?"

She then sent a short reply to the 'friendly troll': "In your dreams, Melvin."

She had the impression he disliked being called Melvin, which was the exact reason she called him that when he was annoying her. Which actually happened pretty often.

She was just considering going back to the autopsy report, when Homer Simpson blared out of the speakers.

"Sweet merciful CRAP!"

As usual, she jumped out of her skin: she had a message.

"I've got to change that sound," she muttered, one day that was going to give her a heart attack.

SPOOKY42: you know, maybe you should give Frohike a chance. You never know, he might surprise you...

Scully snorted. If Mulder was trying to set her up with him, there was something seriously wrong.

STARBUCK: Yeah right. Not in this lifetime.

SPOOKY42: Just because he isn't tall, dark and gorgeous like me ;-)

STARBUCK: Not to forget modest. lol.

SPOOKY42: And modest. lol.

STARBUCK: Mulder, will you please ask him to stop emailing me, I'm not that desperate for mail, I would rather have an empty inbox. He's annoying.

SPOOKY42: Don't mention my name! You don't know who's monitoring this. And I've tried. He's very persistent.

You don't say... Scully took a sip of her Pepsi.

STARBUCK: :P You're paranoid. And I noticed. At least he doesn't have my SN.

SPOOKY42: Not yet, anyway...

STARBUCK: You wouldn't dare.

SPOOKY42: you're probably right. I don't think I could do that to you.

STARBUCK: ?

SPOOKY42: ??

STARBUCK: I'm waiting for the punchline here...

SPOOKY42: Now I'm just insulted.

STARBUCK: :P

SPOOKY42: Very mature.

SPOOKY42: :P

STARBUCK: :-)

SPOOKY42: :-):-):-):-):-):-):-):-):-):-):-)

STARBUCK: This could get boring.

SPOOKY42: You started it.

Scully grinned, considering how to respond to that. She typed something in:

STARBUCK: :P

"Damn," she swore to herself, she had the 'message not received, connection lost' message. She clicked that, yes, she would like to reconnect, when the computer shut down.

"Great."

The wonders of technology. She hated it when it did this to her. She kicked the desk again,

"Stupid fucking computer!"

She restarted it, not at all happy about having to wait for it to start up. The stupid thing took way too long. She briefly wondered if Macs were any faster.

The blue screen came up "Because Windows was not shut down correctly, scandisk will now check the system for errors. To avoid seeing this message in future, please close down the computer by choosing 'shut down' on the start up menu."

She let out a muffled scream, before kicking the desk again.

When it finally was back on, she then had to reconnect. She decided to get another can of Pepsi, she had finished the first one.

STARBUCK: Sorry about that. The stupid comp disconnected me.

SPOOKY42: Hate it when that happens.

Scully always got the feeling that no one was exactly sincere when they said that.

Homer Simpson blared again, she had another message.

Ten minutes later she was desperately trying to keep up with 5 conversations. Only three of which she was actually interested in.

One of the guys who had IM'd her was a huge nuisance. Every time she was on, he was there. And he was extremely thick skinned, she could not get rid of him. He had asked her for her bra size once, she had not appreciated the gesture.

Still, she couldn't bring herself to block him.

SPOOKY42: You still there??

STARBUCK: Yeah. Talking to 5 people gets a little confusing after a while.

SPOOKY42: Tell me about it.

Another ten minutes later, three of the people had gone. Only Mulder and the annoying guy remained.

"Figures," she muttered.

She had been having one fascinating conversation about dream analysis, and another conversation which wasn't quite in the gutter, it was actually looking up at the gutter. It involved snooker tables...

Her other interesting conversation was with Mulder, it was more of a, um, spirited discussion actually.

Okay, so they were arguing.

STARBUCK: How can you say that?

SPOOKY42: Me? How can \*you\* say that about my ties?

STARBUCK: You're colour blind! \*You\* don't have to look at them!

SPOOKY42: No one's forcing you to look at my ties. :P

STARBUCK: I can't help it! They're just staring me in the face!  
:P:P

SPOOKY42: That doesn't mean you can tidy my office!

STARBUCK: Oh, your office?

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BRAT 100: What are you wearing?

STARBUCK: You really think I'm going to tell you? Get real.

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SPOOKY42: Technically, yes, my office.

STARBUCK: Well if I had a desk, your mess wouldn't bother me so much.

SPOOKY42: If you had a desk, my mess would take over the office. There's no room.

STARBUCK: There is!

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BRAT 100: Why not?

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SPOOKY42: No there isn't. I measured the space, we would not fit another desk in.

STARBUCK: You actually measured?

This surprised her. She had thought he just forgot about it, or pretended to forget so that he wouldn't have to bother.

She was just ignoring BRAT 100.

SPOOKY: Yes, actually. So there. :P

STARBUCK: You complained about me doing that.

She received the "User SPOOKY42 is no longer available" message.

"Shit."

She grimaced; it looked like she was stuck with the brat.

Great.

Just fucking great.

Scully looked at her clock. It was now 3:56. am.

She sighed and turned over, she shouldn't have drank all that Pepsi. She didn't deal well with large amounts of caffeine.

"Fuck it all to HELL!" She shouted, getting out of bed. What was the point? She wasn't going to sleep; it was a waste of time.

She slipped her slippers on and padded into the living room where her computer was. She turned it on, going into the kitchen to make herself a cup of hot chocolate.

Mulder had reappeared on IM, but her browser had got stuck, and she had to shut down to sort it out, so she had just said goodnight, giving up for the night. She had been developing a splitting headache as the after-effects of caffeine set in.

After half an hour of feeling sleepy in bed, she had woken up again, and had just lay there for two hours staring at the ceiling before deciding to read her book.

After an hour, she had finished her book, which was when she had got up.

She raised an eyebrow in surprise. What was Mulder doing online at this time of night? Morning. Whatever.

STARBUCK: What the hell are you doing on here at this time? It's 4 in the morning!!

SPOOKY42: I could ask you the same question.

SPOOKY42: Looks like I'm not the only insomniac around here.  
:-)

STARBUCK: I OD'd on Pepsi earlier on. I couldn't sleep.

SPOOKY42: Jesus, how much did you have?

STARBUCK: 3 cans.

SPOOKY42: 3? You're this hyper on 3 cans?

STARBUCK: This is why I don't drink coke.

SPOOKY42: Good point.

STARBUCK: So why are you on?

SPOOKY42: I never sleep. And I got sick of B-movies.

STARBUCK: You? Sick of B-movies? Wonders never cease. lol

SPOOKY42: lmao. Not.

SPOOKY42: Can't you just take a sleeping pill or something?

STARBUCK: It's 4am. What's the point?

SPOOKY42: I see your argument.

Scully yawned. A conversation with Mulder was tiring any time of day. Well, at least they weren't arguing.

SPOOKY42: you know, I should give Frohike your SN after the hurtful comments you made about my tie collection. :-(

STARBUCK: Can we please not get into that again. And if you dare give him my SN I will kill you.

SPOOKY42: fine. I'll just talk about Spam then.

STARBUCK: \*groans\* Please no. I don't even want to know what that's about, I really don't.

SPOOKY42: Did you do that autopsy report?

STARBUCK: I did it, but my comp ate it. I've gotta do it again, but I really can't be bothered.

SPOOKY42: I can se where you're coming from.

SPOOKY42: Shit!

What now?

STARBUCK: ?

SPOOKY42: My browser's jammed. I gtg. See you at work!

STARBUCK: Kay. Ttyl!

SPOOKY42: \*waves\* bye.

Scully sat for a few minutes, wondering what to do now. Unfortunately, that question was soon answered for her.

BRAT 100: Hi again! Wanna cyber?

She disconnected, ignoring BRAT 100 completely. She just didn't have the energy. The guy was \*so\* annoying.

"Okay," she said to the empty room, "the autopsy report it is."

\* \* \* \* \* X X X X X \* \* \* \* \*

Dedicated to all annoying brats on AIM out there. You know who you are.

That was weak, wasn't it? Ah, so what.

And no, it didn't have any real point to it. It was basically just me taking the mick out of the computer, AIM and myself.

And why not?

We've all had days like that, haven't we? Maybe not the Pepsi thing, but definitely everything else.

I was gonna do a bit with Scully in chat, using names of some of you guys, but I couldn't use everyone, so I decided against it. Didn't want to show any favouritism \*g\*

I also think that's the biggest cliché out there. Apart from



magazines saying that the Truth is in there. Because you know what?

It never is.

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End  
file.